UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes
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Louis L. Mann
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Which Do We Need More: Leader-ship or Follow-ship?

By W. WALDEMAR W. ARGOW

Is Science Getting Anywhere? The Answer of Medicine

By S. ADOLPHUS KNOPF, M. D.

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What Is Afoot Among the Great Powers?

By WILFRED WELLOCK

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Two Letters from India

I—From the Bishop of Dormahal (an Indian Bishopric):

"The Communal award has come, and I suppose India must accept it. The inter-communal district and jealousies of the Indian peoples made the reference to the Prime Minister inevitable; and there is nothing else to do but to bow to it now.

"However inevitable it may be, the decision is most unfortunate so far as the interests of the Christian religion are concerned. I hope Christians will not fail to take to heart this aspect of the question.

"The award stamps the followers of Jesus Christ as a communal entity, with distinct political interests of their own, like Moslems or Sikhs or Europeans. The Prime Minister cannot bear any blame for this. Our spokesmen loved to have it so, and I suppose they are glad. That, however, does not make it the less unfortunate. The religion of Christ is one of the most dynamic factors in the world. It always bursts its boundaries, however strong and rigid those boundaries may be laid. It refuses to be confined to any one race, caste or class. It seeks to embrace all. It is most true to itself when it refuses to be restricted by human fear or prejudice; if it ever becomes petrified or static, it is dead. The inclusion of Christians in a communal award is a direct blow to the nature of the Church of Christ. The award will be one of the most divisive factors among Christians. We have inherited the divisions of Western Christendom. . . .

"There is also the separation that has been effected between the Christian Church and the country in general. We have permitted ourselves not to be placed on the side of the whole country or the nation, but on the side of a religious sect, a community which seeks self-protection, for the sake of its own loaves and fishes. These are my musings on reading the communal award for Indian Christians. But I want to ask this question: Have I and those who feel with me the liberty of declaring ourselves Christians pure and simple, and vote in the general, unlabelled constituency?"

II—From Amiya Chakravarty (Secretary to Rabindranath Tagore):

"The rapidly gathering crisis of our political situation no more tolerates non-committal assertions and shirking of unpleasant duty. We live in an atmosphere of repression.

"Goodwill between the English and Indians seems to be completely shattered—and apart from all moral considerations, purely from the British business point of view this is wholly regrettable as their trade with us seems now to be permanently, irretrievably injured. As the people in the bazaars say now—'they cannot make us buy Pears Soap on the point of the bayonet.' Which means that for foreign trade India is determined

(*Continued on page* 256)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CX MONDAY, JANUARY 2, 1933 Number 16

What I revere and obey in Christianity is its reality, its boundless charity, its deep interior life, the rest it gives to mind, the echo it returns to my thoughts, the perfect accord it makes with my reason through all its representation of God and His Providence, and the persuasion and courage that come out thence to lead me upward and onward. Freedom is the essence of this faith. It has for its object simply to make men good and wise. Its institutions then should be as flexible as the wants of men. That form out of which the life and suitableness have departed should be as worthless in its eyes as the dead leaves that are falling around us.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

As we survey the list of dead for the year just closed, we see the name of no great man of outstanding eminence. The famous dead are perhaps more numerous than ever before, but shining names are few. If we were to specify any one as supreme, we think we would point to ARISTIDE BRIAND, French statesman, for his name is destined to be associated forever with the Briand-Kellogg Pact. This many-times Premier of France was a sincere lover of peace, but he was neither in intellect nor character a man of the first rank. Mention of this man's death brings to mind other statesmen and politicians who passed away in 1932. Thus, in Europe, there were COUNT CZERNIN, of the old Austria, and CHANCELLOR SEIPEL, of the new Austria; EDWARD BERNSTEIN, venerable German Socialist; ALBERT THOMAS, devoted head of the Labor Bureau of the League of Nations, well known to all visitors and students in Geneva; JULES JUSSERAND, most talented of French ambassadors; WILLIAM GRAHAM, British Laborite, head of the Board of Trade in MacDonald's last cabinet, and, had he lived, probable successor to MacDonald; and SIR HORACE PLUNKETT, political and social leader in Ireland. Notable for his tragic death by assassination was Premier TSUYASHI INUKAI, of Japan. In our own country we saw the passing of JOSEPH W. FORDNEY, of tariff fame; DAVID JAYNE HILL, diplomat; RICHARD BARTHOLD, Congressman and untiring peace advocate; J. WARREN KEIFER, many years ago a speaker of the House of Representatives; JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS, eloquent senator; LINDLEY M. GARRISON, first Secretary of War in President Wilson's cabinet; LESLIE M. SHAW, Secretary of the Treasury in McKinley's day; WILLIAM C. REDFIELD, Wilson's Secretary of the Interior; GEORGE FRED WILLIAMS, famous in the early Bryan days; and WESLEY L. JONES, a senator from Washington in the present Senate.

Statesmen suggest labor leaders and social workers, for these are the statesmen of the future. In this field the dead of 1932 include BENJAMIN SCHLOSSBERG, great leader of the Ladies Garment Workers Union, in New York; FLORENCE KELLY, founder and head of the Consumers League; JULIA LATHROP, trained at Hull House, and fulfilling her career in Washington; ANNA DICKINSON, reformer of the older type; HASTINGS M. HART, penologist; and, in Holland, one of the greatest of modern Europeans, FREDERICK VAN EEDEN. There are statesmen also in the field of religion—as, for example, BISHOP CHARLES GORE, the great Anglican churchman. Losses here were severe during the past year, especially in the Episcopal church in this country which mourned the deaths of BISHOP CAMERON MANN, of Florida; Revs. FRANK W. CROWDER and ROBERT NORWOOD, both of New York; Rev. GEORGE P. ATWATER, of Brooklyn; Dr. CALEB R. STETSON, Rector of Trinity Church, New York; Rev. FLOYD TOMKINS, of Philadelphia; and Rev. STUART L. TYSON. Other clergymen, members of other communions, were Father FRANCIS T. DUFFY, Roman Catholic "fighting chaplain" of the 69th Regiment of New York; RAY PETTY and CARL WALLACE PETTY, blood brothers in the Baptist church, Dr. F. W. BETTS and Dr. HAROLD MARSHALL, of the Universalist church; and ALFRED W. MARTIN, leader of the Ethical Culture Society in New York. The Unitarians suffered heavily in the deaths of Prof. W. W. FENN, of the Harvard Divinity School; SETH CURTIS BEACH, hymn-writer; HOWARD N. BROWN, of Kings Chapel; BRADLEY GILMAN; and DUDLEY FERRELL. A New Thought leader of prominence was Mrs. MARY CHAPIN. To these oustanding figures in the religious field may be added President JAMES L. PATTON, of Princeton, a mighty theologian of the Calvin type of thought; and, also, Professor BENJAMIN W. BACON, of Yale, theologian and New Testament critic.

Authors lost during the past year are not few. Prominent among these are EUGENE BRIEUX, the great French dramatist, first brought to the world's atten-

tion by his "Damaged Goods"; RÉNE BAZIN, novelist of France; LADY GREGORY, playwright and founder of the Irish theatre; LYTTON STRACHEY, unforgettable English biographer and essayist; G. LOWES DICKINSON, a writer of classical austerity and radical modern temper; SIR GILBERT PARKER, romantic novelist; KENNETH GRAHAME, novelist; EDGAR WALLACE, novelist, dramatist, and everything else popularly literary; and HAROLD MONRO, poet. In America we note GAMALIEL BRADFORD, biographer; OSCAR W. FIRKINS, biographer of Emerson; WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT, and HAROLD MACGRATH, novelists; MARGERY LATIMER, one of the most gifted of younger writers; JAMES OPPENHEIM, EDMUND VANCE COOKE, and HART CRANE, poets; and JOHN MACY, essayist and critic. To these should be added, as of the book world, H. A. SCRIBNER, the publisher. Literature suggests at once the world of scholarship and science. Here among the recent dead are GRAHAM WALLAS and SIR PATRICK GEDDES, sociologists; SIR RODNEY ROSS, the immortal physician who conquered malaria; WILHELM OSTWALD, German chemist and winner of the Nobel Prize; EDWARD H. HOPKINS, Sanscrit scholar; and JOHN BACH MCMASTER and FREDERICK JACKSON TURNER, among the best known of American historians. The theatre mourns the following—CHAUNCEY OLCOTT, ROSE COGHLAN, EVA DAVENPORT, WILLIAM HODGE, WILLIAM ELLIOTT, JESSIE MILWARD, JOHN CRAIG, WILTON LACKAYE, BERTHA GALLAND, ALEXANDER CLARKE, NORMAN MACKINNEL, FLO ZIEGFELD, and MRS. FISKE, the greatest American actress of her day. In the realm of art, we note the passing of the famous American painter, GARI MELCHERS; and the equally famous American critic, JOHN C. VAN DYKE. In music, there appear the memorable names of EMIL PAUR, one time conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, JOHANNA GADSKI, Wagnerian soprano; ANDREAS DIFFEL, operatic tenor and maestro; CLARENCE WHITEHILL, operatic basso; JOHN PHILIP SOUSA, "march-king" and first among all bandmasters; CAMILLE D'ARVILLE, light opera prima-donna; and JOHN ORTH, pianist and composer.

The newspaper world memorializes its own. Among these dead are CHARLES P. SCOTT, editor of the Manchester *Guardian;* LEOPOLD J. MAXSE, English editor; SIR SIDNEY LOWE, great English correspondent; EDWIN A. VALKENBERG, editor of the Philadelphia *North American;* OSCAR KING DAVIS, foreign correspondent; FRANK WARD O'MALLEY, of the *Sun;* and WALTER T. ARNDT. Notable names appear among financiers and philanthropists dead during the year. Thus, on the record are JULIUS ROSENWALD, PAUL M. WARBURG, EDGAR SPEYER, GEORGE EASTMAN, DARWIN P. KINGSLEY, JOSEPH LEITER, CYRUS SULZBERGER, ROBERT DOLLAR and LORD INCHCAPE, both ship-owners, and, alone in his unprecedented ignoble fame, the late IVAR KREUGER. There are great names among soldiers, as for example, GERALD PAU, Marshal of France; Field Marshal LORD PLUMER and Field Marshal LORD METHUEN, both of England; and General ENOCH H. CROWDER, of our own country. Royalty's figures are also conspicuous. Here are KING MANOEL, once ruler of Portugal; QUEEN SOPHIE, of Greece; FREDERICK AUGUSTUS III, the last king of SAXONY; and Prince LOUIS NAPOLEON, pretender of France. Frequently most interesting is our miscellaneous list of known and less known dead. Here appear the names of two great engineers, WILLIAM P. PARSONS, builder of the New York Subways, and WILLIAM A. STARRETT, builder of the Empire State building; GEORGES-MARIE HAARDT, Asiatic explorer; SANTOS-DUMONT, pioneer among flyers; Mme. MADYA STALIN, wife of the Moscow dictator; OLIVER ISELIN, yachtsman; BARNEY DREYFUS, baseball magnate; WILLIAM WRIGLEY, of chewing-gum fame; WILLIAM J. BURNS, detective; KING C. GILLETTE, inventor of the safety razor; JOHN R. VOORHIS, Tammany sachem, who died at 102 years old; DAN BROUTHERS, baseball "slugger"; BONI DE CASTELLANE, famous for a generation as Anna Gould's husband; and JESSE POMEROY, most famous of American murderers, which is immortality indeed. Thus pass the dead. How mingle in the dust these who knew not one another in the flesh!

The old year (1932) was marked by four events momentous for good or ill. First, the depression, which hung over the world like a vast pall of darkness! There have been depressions before, but this one is unique in the fact that it is world-wide, affects all classes from top to bottom of society, and refuses to yield to remedies or even to the natural forces of recovery. It is a disaster of almost unparalleled magnitude. Secondly, the war in Asia! We call it a war, although it has never been recognized as such by a world which now insists upon regarding war in the same way Christian Science regards disease. This Asiatic war began with the invasion of Manchuria, continued with the siege of Shanghai, and reached its climax in the establishment of the puppet-state of Manchukio. The violent work of Japan, in defiance of the three most solemn treaty agreements in the world, it offers incalculable menace to the future. Thirdly, the revolution in India—the uprising of 325,000,000 people for the recovery of national independence, the preservation of cultural autonomy, and the vindication of personal dignity and self-respect! This revolution is remarkable among all revolutions for its exalted leadership in Gandhi, its repudiation of violence, and its recognition of both political and economic liberties. Lastly, the collapse of the German republic,

which was begun in 1931 with the retirement of Bruening, and now is accomplished with the ascendancy of von Schleicher! The establishment of dictatorship in Germany is significant in itself as marking the dominance of militaristic and monarchical influences in the Reich, but also as a sign and symbol of the growing chaos of Europe. Now comes the debt muddle as a sort of climactic evidence of confusion. In America, this past year, we were entertained by the most curious conglomeration of events which can be imagined. In the order of their newspaper prominence, we may list these events as follows: the kidnapping of the Lindbergh baby, an agonizing tragedy, emotionally exploited into a veritable orgy of public debauch; the presidential election, an exhausting and expensive event of absolutely no consequence; the war against Prohibition, a mania induced by dishonest propaganda exactly after the pattern of the mania against Germany in 1917; the Massie murder, another evidence of how the great American people revel in crime; the retirement of "Jimmy" Walker, a political clown, as privately offensive as he was publicly disgraceful; and baseball, football, the Olympic games, sport, *sport,* SPORT, without which this country could not survive. Of course, we had a business depression this past year, and unemployment, and starvation, but such things are unimportant in comparison with the sensations of the hour, and in any case are disagreeable without being exciting. So the year has rolled by, and now, thank God, it's gone.

The new year (1933) is promising to bring along some interesting events. First of all, of course, the inauguration of Franklin Delano Roosevelt as President of the United States! We shall all wish the new executive well, and watch with absorbed interest as he balances the budget, saves the farmers, satisfies the veterans, ends unemployment, revives business, solves the international debt problem, establishes peace, and in general brings in the promised "happy days." The long anticipated economic conference will meet in April or May, unless it is again postponed, and grapple with the crisis of universal national bankruptcy. The almost forgotten disarmament conference, moving from failure to failure must some time this year adjourn—with what result, if any, remains to be seen! On July 15th will come 'round again the semi-annual pay-day of the Allied nations to the United States. Of course, we are expecting Mr. Roosevelt to smile sweetly and settle this dilemma; but, if not, new defaults and more of them will make life joyous. Then—hurrah!—beer is coming back. If it *does!* The chances impress us as small in this present Congress, with a Senate, a President, and a Supreme Court standing as hurdles in the way of the House bill. But failure here will almost certainly be followed by a special session of the new Congress, and then the fun will indeed begin. Russia, after a winter of scant food supply, will be an interesting spectacle. So will Japan after another year of military occupation in Manchuria. The revolution in India will march on, with Gandhi almost certainly released from prison during the course of the season, and more decisively in command of the situation than ever. MacDonald will hardly outlast the year but join Lloyd-George in well-earned obscurity. De Valera will be heard from at intervals. And budgets will be the one theme of discussion in homes, villages, cities, states, and nations. All in all, there seems to be every prospect of a tumultuous year, with unexpected explosions likely to rend earth and heaven at any moment. It is a momentous time in which to be alive!

Which Do We Need More: Leader-ship or Follow-ship?

One of the results of democracy, which maintains that all men are born equal, is the creation of the notion that all men and women are alike experts in the same things and in the same way. The logic of this contention is, "that I know as much as you and am just as capable as you, and therefore have no need to follow anyone's dictates." We therefore go upon the assumption that anyone picked at random is equally capable with everyone else to perform any task, no matter what it may be. With the result that we have become like an army which is all generals and no privates; hence we are all self-styled leaders with no one to follow.

Then the inevitable happens. After going upon the assumption that all are equally capable, we by and large get the result, not of combined wisdom, but of combined ignorance, and we land in a muddled state of affairs. When this condition arises we become suddenly disillusioned of our vaunted wisdom, and therewith come to feel that all are equally ignorant. At once we become like an army that is all privates with no generals to lead.

Again, another characteristic of democracy is that it possesses no dictatorial powers whatsoever. Hence nobody is commanded to do anything. Whatever there is to be done is everybody's business; and of course what is everybody's business is nobody's business. We all demand and expect certain things to be done; but everybody imagines that it is the other person's duty to do them. And so we coin such meaningless phrases, as, "why don't *they* do thus and so?" When therefore we press the question as to who these mythical

"they" are, we discover that those who so speak look upon the government, whether local or national, as a kind of ethereal entity with the characteristics of an omnipotent deity which is supposed to perform the desired miracle.

Since democracy possesses no dictatorial powers to command follow-ship, then the only safe-guard democracy has is in the voluntary discipline to which the individual is willing to submit himself. Here again there is nothing arbitrary in democracy that can force an individual to submit himself to such discipline. He must deliberately set himself to the task of disciplining himself, saying with steadfast resolution, "I will do thus and so no matter what it will cost in time, money or energy; no matter if I am the only one who conceives such course of action as an imperative duty." Let us be done once and for all with this senseless chatter about freedom. What we want is license, an absence of restraint and responsibility. Let us never forget that freedom and liberty are not synonymous. Freedom is an absence of restraint, whereas liberty is the disciplined expression of all the creative powers and capacities latent within the human soul. And just because this generation has more freedom than any previous, it has by that token less liberty than any other. It has merely freed itself from some out-moded restraint and sold itself into the slavery of some new contemporary bondage.

Manifestly, the one thing this generation will not do is to discipline itself on behalf of any responsibilities. Oh, to be sure, we discipline ourselves to get, but not to be. No effort of back or brain is too exhausting in a discipline to get something; whereas any effort is too much if it involves the assumption of responsibility. Why is this? Is it the result of our dominant ideal of life that has grown up in the past twenty-five years, namely, that the end and aim of life is to be physically comfortable. Naturally we will discipline ourselves to do those things that make us comfortable, while at the same time we will do nothing that will in any way inconvenience or make us uncomfortable. This is the reason why we have no convictions, only loosely jointed notions. Convictions will of necessity inconvenience us and therefore make us uncomfortable. If one has convictions in the matter of morals, economics, religion or politics it may tend to make one unpopular with one's associates; it may also cause one to lose a sale or a contract. With the result that we "yes," "yes," everything, every condition and everyone.

In a certain definite sense what we are suffering from is the effect of a lost generation. A whole generation has been lost from the ranks of disciplined men and women with whose fathers "yes" was "yes," and "no" was "no"; who had a compunction of responsibility as inexorable as though it had been commanded them in the Ten Commandments.

There is no short or easy way back to the road that we have left. It will not be by mass action, not by grandiloquent slogans or even standardized education. Like all social qualities, this universal quality which our age needs will be developed only by men and women deliberately choosing to identify themselves with little groups here and there, where the individual will say to himself, "This thing I will do if I am the only one who is thus engaged." Only as we practice the resumption and honoring of responsibility in these little training camps, whether of a church, civic organization, community center, shall we reestablish a sense of being a vital part of the whole social process. It ought to be perfectly obvious that social virtues do not exist off in a vacuum apart from individuals. On the contrary the social virtues of any age are none other than the sum total of individual virtues. Therefore, the individual must resolve to himself, saying, "this will I do; this will I give; this will I support, no matter if I am the last person thus to do."

Not only is democracy on trial today, but the whole social experiment of cooperative living. At bottom it is not a question of food, shelter and clothing; not a matter of the supply and demand of material products—all this is secondary. Basically it is a question whether we individuals can summon the willingness to discipline ourselves to assume responsibilities of doing what we know we ought to do. This age knows more than any other age. It is not more information we need, but the willingness to translate into action what we know.

Perhaps the reason why we have no leaders today is for the very obvious reason that we have no one to follow. Leaders are as much the effect of a cause as mud is the effect of an admixture of dirt and water. So long as there is a total absence of any disposition to follow-ship, just so long will the coming of a leader be deferred. Therefore, let a few men and women begin proclaiming a rigorous doctrine of discipline which involves first and last the assumption of responsibilities. Let them gather a few of the newly made "converts" into training camps of church, club, society, organization or union; and then let this new apostolate go forth to make others sharers in the social life of this generation.

This may sound like a hard gospel. But pray tell when has it ever been easy to master the problems of life? It is a task for heroic men and women, such has seldom challenged our human kind. That we have the stuff in us to meet it ought to be obvious to anyone who has felt the charm of any noble ideal, and who has experienced the joys that come from participation in any process by which life has become fuller and more abundant. W. Waldemar W. Argow.

Jottings

"Protesting against sale of British beer in the Irish Free State, sixteen armed men made a daring raid on a Bass warehouse early today . . . entered and commenced smashing the casks of beer."—Cork despatch to the New York *Times*.

Another Boston Tea Party—or, rather, Cork Beer Party!

In view of the deliberate default of five nations on their debt payments due the United States, it is interesting to recall the late furor over the German "scrap of paper." And two of the defaulting nations are France and Belgium!

Elizabeth Barrett Browning was dramatized in the New York Theatre two years ago, Emily Dickinson last year and now Jane Austen this year. In years to come, we imagine, we may expect plays on Felicia Hemans, Charlotte Brontë, Christina Rossetti, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and "the Sweet Singer of Michigan."

D. H. Lawrence declares in his Letters, recently published, that "one sheds one's sickness in books." At last we know why and what Lawrence wrote. No wonder his books are diseased.

The Bible tells us of a man whose name was Legion. According to the scriptural account, this man was "full of devils." We wonder if the same label in our day means the same contents.

We have never known of anybody who did not like the White House. It is a beautiful building. The trouble always is with the man inside.

J. H. H.

Is Science Getting Anywhere?

The Answer of Medicine*

In answering the question, "Is science getting anywhere?" I speak of medical science, since that is my profession and since it serves as an illustration of the whole field. Because of the vastness of my theme, I must ask your indulgence for the cryptic manner in which I present to you the statistical data and only enumerate the most important events in medical progress.

Thanks to sanitation, the bubonic plague, which in former times killed millions of people, appears relatively seldom and when it does, is combated by quarantine, which is effectually aided by the discovery of the bacillus. Smallpox, which was a veritable plague up to 1796 because of its frequent, fatal epidemics which decimated the population, has now become a very rare disease due to Jenner's discovery of vaccination.

Tuberculosis mortality has been reduced in this country by over half, during the last fifty years, thanks to preventative and curative measures based upon the discovery of Koch and the work of Biggs, Dettweiler, Trudeau and their disciples.

Syphilis, justly considered one of the most prevalent diseases, most difficult to treat and often followed by serious lasting afflictions, was subdued by Erlich's production of Salvarsan in 1905 after 606 trials. Typhoid fever, once the most feared of epidemics, often followed by many fatal issues, which in war time killed more soldiers than the bullet, is now almost entirely under control. These marvelous results are due to preventative inoculation. Our expeditionary forces in France composed of millions of American soldiers had virtually no typhoid fatalities because every one in that army had received anti-typhoid vaccination.

Yellow fever, a much feared and prevalent disease up to the last century, propagated by the germ carrying mosquito, is now disappearing with the aid of modern sanitation.

Puerperal, or child-bed fever, of which we had the greatest mortality of any country, is now decreasing, thanks to the work of the National Committee on Maternal Health and similar organizations.

To Dr. Alphonse Raymond Dochez of the Presbyterian Hospital, a professor at Columbia University, we are indebted for the confirmation of the European discovery of the germ of scarlet fever (streptococcus) and his splendid work in making anti-scarlet fever serum for this disease available for general use in America.

Diphtheria, the terror of childhood, is one of the diseases with which medical science has accomplished the greatest wonders. The anti-diphtheritic serum was introduced into the United States by our own Prof. William H. Park. We are also indebted to Dr. Park for the invention of toxin anti-toxin which, when injected, is harmless and a reasonably sure preventative. Before the use of toxin and toxin anti-toxin in this country, we had a diphtheria mortality rate of 155 in every 100,000 and now we have a mortality rate from this disease of 2 in every 100,000.

One more very cryptic statistic. In the eighteenth century, the expectation of life was thirty years, in the nineteenth century it was forty years, and today it is sixty years.

More spectacular than the results obtained by the sanitarian and the quiet laboratory workers, are the achievements of our surgical colleagues in modern times. Thanks to Morton's discovery of ether as a general anaesthetic in 1846, capital operations, amputations, reduction of fractures, etc., have lost their terror and thousands of lives are saved, because the operations under ether are painless. Shock and wound infections which prior to antiseptic surgery caused such a terrible mortality, are done away with. The abdominal and chest cavities, and even the brain are entered with impunity today by the skilful surgeon when other remedies have failed. Life saving abdominal operations are now daily performed. Appendicitis, for example, appar-

* An address delivered at the Community Church, New York, in a symposium on "Is Science Getting Anywhere?"—Editor.

ently a typical American disease, from which, according to Hoffman, there are still 18,000 to 20,000 deaths in this country annually, is cured by the removal of the appendix. Other abdominal operations and thoracoplasties are every-day occurrences in our hospitals and in sanatoria for tuberculosis and many apparently hopeless consumptives have been restored to health.

From what has just been said of the advance in medical, sanitary and surgical knowledge and from the statistics quoted, I know you will agree with me when I maintain that medical science has gotten somewhere. But has it gone far enough? Has it done all that could have been done? In all humility I must say "no." But the profession to which I have the honor of belonging is not responsible for this sad "no." The blame must be put elsewhere.

Thus there are still thousands of good people, often well educated, who do not believe in the existence of disease at all. Our friends, the Christian Scientists, think that disease is an error of mind no matter how strong the physical evidence may prove to the contrary. As long as they wish to suffer and die in error we have no right to interfere except when they have a contagious disease. Apparently we have no right to interfere even when they prefer to let their children die of diphtheria because they refuse to employ anti-toxin.

Again there are the anti-vaccinationists, ever ready to oppose vaccination against smallpox. If they had their way, we would have our regular smallpox epidemics today as in the middle ages, with millions of deaths and half of the population pox-pitted.

Equally fanatic and persistent are the many so-called "animal lovers" in their efforts to stop, by legislative action, all the humane animal experimentation whereby we have been able to discover the cause of many of the most fatal diseases and the methods of successful treatment.

With the aid of such experimentation, the immortal Pasteur invented anti-hydrophobic vaccination which saves the lives of individuals attacked by rabid dogs and other animals. Pasteur showed his disciples the way toward the discovery of the causes and treatment of many other microbic diseases. Villemin in 1865 demonstrated through animal experimentation the infectiousness and transmissibility of tuberculosis. And again through animal experimentation, one of our greatest living authorities on tuberculosis, Professor Calmette of the Pasteur Institute at Paris, demonstrated the value of the injections of bacillus Calmette-Guerin which prevents the development of tuberculosis in children. Yersin discovered the bubonic plague bacillus in 1894, and died of the disease, but not before he had discovered a curative serum. Our eminent Simon Flexner of the Rockefeller Institute introduced and caused the general distribution of the serum against spinal meningitis and thus saved the lives of, and prevented infirmities in thousands of children in this and other countries. To Banting of Toronto we are indebted for the invention of insulin, the great remedy for diabetes, the disease which had been so difficult to treat prior to this great Canadian's invention. The new science of endocrinology, the knowledge of the function of the ductless glands, has taught us how to cure many heretofore seemingly incurable afflictions, particularly those due to abnormal thyroid function. A child deficient in physical and mental growth may be made normal by products obtained from the thyroid glands of animals. All these wonderful results are due to animal experimentation. At this very moment you will find in the laboratories of the great universities of all countries, serious research work done in order to find the cause and prevention of the greatest scourge of mankind, the disease known as cancer. Would our opponents object to those noble efforts because it involves the sacrifice of even hundreds of dogs, apes, cats, guinea pigs, etc., many raised for that very purpose? Men and women, often lovers of the faithful dog, must also not forget that the animal kingdom too has benefited by animal experimentation.

The Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research has an experimental department for animal pathology at Princeton. It is for the prevention and cure of diseases in domestic animals.

The good people who are so strongly opposed to medical scientists and researchers are forgetful that these very scientists are often not content with animal experimentation but have injected themselves with pathogenic microörganisms to learn the cause of the disease and the method of treatment and died as a result of their service to science and humanity. Other medical heroes were the physicians who died for their scientific convictions.

The first known medical martyr was Michael Servetus who, in 1553, published a treatise on the pulmonary circulation. Under the pretext that he did not believe in the Trinity, but in only one God, Calvin caused him to be burned alive and with him all his medical and theological writings.

Semmelweiss was a martyr. He lost his mind because his colleagues would not believe in the infectiousness of puerperal fever which he tried to prevent by scrupulous cleanliness. Of our later medical heroes let me first mention our own Walter Reed and Jesse Lazear, who caused themselves to be bitten by the yellow fever-carrying mosquito and died of the disease, thus proving beyond a shadow of doubt that the mosquito alone is responsible for the propagation of this disease. Stokes and Naguchi met the same fate by their continued experiments with this malady.

The late Hunter, Hammond and Halstead, and Prof. Lewellys Franklin Barker, of Johns Hopkins, the latter fortunately still with us, definitely risked their lives by experimenting upon themselves with dangerous and infectious microörganisms.

There is another large group of men and women who oppose the medical profession in the performance of its duty on religious grounds. As an instance, let me state the prevention of conception in mothers suffering from tuberculosis, heart, kidney or nervous diseases. All these diseases are aggravated in the pregnant woman and often end fatally, leaving a widowed husband and motherless children. One would not think it possible in view of what has just been said, that there still exist federal laws making contraceptive information, if given by mail, a criminal offense, punishable by a fine of $5,000 or five years in prison, or both. This would also apply to any physician who by medical or surgical means, prevents an insane man or woman from procreating their kind. The federal—and some state authorities—forget that judicious, scientific contraception would mean the preservation of lives of many mothers. These authorities are also unmindful of the enormous tax burden which the citizens must bear for the maintenance of the hopelessly insane and

institutionalized moron who should be sterilized so as not to increase their number.

How much our present economic depression is causing a veritable disaster to our children even now when growth-stunting child-labor ought to decrease because of an abundance of unemployed adults, is difficult to perceive, unless one comes into direct contact with the situation. Undernourishment predisposes to tuberculosis in the adult as well as in the child. We must not be deceived by the recently published reports telling of the decrease in tuberculosis morbidity and mortality. I fear that reports for the next two years will not be nearly as favorable. We shall see the results of malnutrition in adults within a year or two. Tuberculosis develops very slowly. But it will surely develop in many unless the individual adult can make up for lost weight and strength. Fortunately, this is quite possible for the adult who by care and good nutrition, may triumph over his tuberculous predisposition. Alas, this is not the case with the child. The little boy or girl needs food for growth and sustenance, and the harm done by malnutrition to the growing youngster can never be overcome. If they do not develop tuberculosis, they will become ready subjects for other infectious diseases and never be physically strong adults. Our efficient health officer, Dr. Wynne, recently published careful statistics showing that actual underfeeding due to the poverty of the parents existed in the case of twenty-five percent of the New York public school children. By itself, medical science alone, cannot get anywhere in obviating this condition. Only if municipal and private philanthropy make immediate and ample provision can the situation be relieved. Delicacies are not needed. Let these children have plenty of whole-wheat bread and butter, fruit, vegetables, and cod-liver oil and they will thrive on this simple diet and conquer their predisposition to tuberculosis.

I believe that I have shown that medical science has gotten somewhere; that it has accomplished much; but that there is much more to do. I feel, nevertheless, that I can speak for all my medical brethren when I say that medical science has only one object in view, which is the physical, mental, social and economic well-being of mankind.

S. Adolphus Knopf, M. D.

Justice and Mercy in Leadership*

This Festival, which concludes the Holyday Cycle of the synagogue, awakens thoughts not merely of the pageantry of its rites, but also of its larger implications in terms of idea and spirit. We pay homage to the Law, and ask ourselves how it can best be administered among men. God is the Supreme Lawgiver, but he must needs entrust his statutes to the keeping of frail and inadequate mortals. Man conceives of God as All-Just and All-Compassionate, and, speaking of himself as created in God's image, he strives to emulate these attributes. Yet the leader who is the custodian of the Law falls continually below his own highest hopes to "imitate God," and thereby brings grief and hurt to his fellows.

The leader may be a statesman, a religious, a communal or a social official, vested for the moment with authority. A democracy, like an institution, cries out for wise and strong guidance, but its members are only too ready to slay not merely the body, but the repute and the soul of its chieftains. We suffer in the world today because our leadership has failed to overcome the crises of the post-War epoch. On the one hand, we have a bewildered pseudo-leadership, unable to chart a safe pathway through the jungles of democracy, for which mankind was to be made safe. On the other, we have an arrogant and dictatorial pseudo-leadership, equally destructive in its effects. The true leader must hold the scales of justice in perfect balance; he must be just, yet merciful; firm, yet conciliatory; strict, yet gracious; disciplined, yet clement and compassionate. He must fulfil his responsibilities in the interest not of any one group or class of his protégés, but on behalf of them all. He must remember no individuals in particular and disdain others, but he must embrace all within the compass of his understanding and his plan.

The just leader must formulate and carry forward a program, a discipline, an efficient system of procedure, if he is to be helpful to his fellows. He must have executive skill—the rarest and deservedly the best compensated of talents—whereby he can see the forest as well as the trees; the whole pattern of policy as well as its details. Lincoln Steffens several years ago warned the liberals that they should prepare themselves with a program, a discipline, a group of personalities, a technique of organization and action, if they hoped to be social benefactors on their accession to power Too often the liberal is like the proverbial donkey who cannot make up his mind which of two equally delectable bales of hay to eat, with the result that he starves to death. The well-intentioned moderate, when he is given an opportunity to lead, is too often confused and distracted. His benevolence is thwarted by an over-sentimentalism which paralyzes effective concrete action. He becomes like the fabled Cerberus, the three-headed dog, who saw cats in all directions, and knew not which to pursue; or like Stephen Leacock's hero, who dashed out of the house and ran off rapidly in every direction. Planlessness and good-hearted futility are too often the hallmarks of liberal leadership.

Hence, it behooves the wise leader to emphasize orderliness and unity in his recommendations. He must inspire reverence by his sagacity and humane insight. He must remember that he must emulate the servant of Achilles who could hold in check the raging horses of the hero; or, like Lightnin' Bill Jones who could drive a flock of bees across a desert without losing a single one. It is told that when the Disciples went to a great Maggid,

> most of our desires (they said) were stilled when we entered his town. Whoever had a particularly keen desire was soothed on entering the Maggid's house. But if there was one among us whose soul was rocking like a boat—when he beheld the Maggid's face, he came to rest.

The true leader must bring confidence, tranquility and hope to his adherents.

It is sympathy and fellow-feeling, however, which ought primarily mark the strong and just leader in all his dealings. He must have sensitivity to the moods of his comrades, knowing that he cannot truly love his neighbors if he does not know what brings them pain.

*Address delivered over Radio Station WABC, New York, on the "Festival of the Rejoicing of the Law."

He must have awareness of his companions, and be able to enter into communion of the heart with them. He must be like quicksilver which instantly records a change in the spiritual temperature of his brothers, possessing the faculty of recognizing at once the absence of peace of mind among them. The Master of Rimanov once said:

Every man who narrates to me his tribulations leaves a mark upon my heart. When I arise to offer my prayers, I open my heart to God, and beseech Him to read every sorrow inscribed thereon.

Once a Zaddik, Rabbi Dov Baer, enlightened his Disciples on the hardships of great rule.

Think ye (he said), it is a comfortable station to be a Zaddik, and a leader of the many? Know better, then, that it is a thicket of thorns. For the heart of the true Zaddik is flooded with the life-blood of others, and weighted with the griefs and agonies of the people.

After a little silence he added with a laugh: "My wish for all evildoers is that they become Zaddikim and atone by carrying my burden."

The true leader needs also the faculty of social imagination, wherewith he can cultivate insight into the woes of his fellow-men. Once a Master persuaded a wealthy Disciple who boasted he partook of only bread and water, to set a table in his home of fine viands and drinks, explaining his counsel to his adherents as follows:

If he, being wealthy, partakes of fine foods, he will think it is enough for the poor to have bread and water; but, if he, being rich, is satisfied with bread and water, he will think it is enough for the poor to have stones.

The true leader must have the impulse towards charity. The Sassower Rabbi once said:

Even the quality of atheism has merit. For if a man come to you entreating aid, do not say in refusal: "Trust in God; He will help," but act as if there were no God, and none to help but you.

The Kaminker Master returned from a preaching pilgrimage penniless, and said to his wife: "Had I been willing to deny God, I could have returned with sufficient money to pay our debt." He explained further: "We find in the Talmud the saying that one who closes his eyes to charity is as one who denies God." Nor is it sufficient for the leader merely to respect charity; he must move others to practice it as well.

Half my prayer (said the Ropshitzer Zaddik) I have accomplished. I may not have succeeded in making the rich more generous in their gifts to the poor; but the poor are willing to accept them.

Unless the leader inspire the affluent by his own example to be as eager in the donations to the needy as the needy are to receive them, he cannot consider his ministrations blessed.

The just leader abstains from the grievous offense of which so many chieftains are guilty—namely, the abuse of authority. Recently a significant criticism of certain phases of American democracy has been written, with the title: "The Insolence of Power." There is always a temptation for men entrusted with the enforcement of a regulation to trample upon their fellows. If a man, particularly of narrow outlook, is dressed in a uniform or given a title, he oftentimes lords it unmercifully over his comrades. Elmer Rice in "Counsellor-at-Law" makes George Simon comment upon the brutal beating of a young insurgent:

Give a man of lowly origin a club, and he will use it without pity against his own kind.

The leader must always have forbearance and patience; he must hold his energies in check if by overzeal he needlessly wounds the sensibilities of his brothers. He must practice restraint of tongue and manner, and lubricate the machinery of communal and national service with good-will and kindliness. In political life the leader must remember that he eventually must meet the day of reckoning at the polls; in the affairs of altruistic endeavor, the leader must bear in mind always that religion and the spirit of service should temper the proud and dictatorial, however gifted and indispensable they may seem to be.

The just leader must demand justice not only for the affluent and influential, but for the weak as well. When Rabbi Bunam was a young man, a friend who had borrowed a sum of money from a communal fund for a man in need, was summoned by the authorities to a hearing. Rabbi Bunam served as counsel for the defendant and narrated the following fable:

There was once an epidemic among the animals of the forest. The lion, the tiger, the wolf and the fox held a consultation, and the fox affirmed his belief that the epidemic was due to a great sin committed by some resident of the forest. He advised that all the animals of the forest assemble and confess their transgressions. The beasts of prey first confessed, and their excuses were, of course, accepted. Finally a sheep timidly approached and confessed that she had eaten a little hay from her owner's mattress.

"Aha," roared the lion. "You are the great sinner. You have abused your master's confidence." And the sheep was condemned to death.

Too often the strong who have committed major transgressions sit in cruel judgment upon the generous-hearted for a minor fault. But justice which is true and unprejudiced justice always seems to be mercy, and the truly just leader is by this very token compassionate.

In our distressed society today, we stand in need of vigorous leaders—not the flunkies and "yes-men" of the temporarily powerful, but champions, whatever the obstacles, of all-righteous causes. Every social welfare program has been combatted by the proprietary groups with ferocity and hatred. Every effort at social amelioration has been condemned and opposed. We have made progress despite the stumbling-blocks which the privileged and the complacent have flung in the path of its moral heroes. Men have always been eager to banish those whom they are tired of hearing called "the just." In every age the proponents of justice have met martyrdom—they have been hurled into the pit, slain on the battlefield, burned at the stake, broken on the wheel of their comrades' enmity. A recent drama portrays the fate which a group of cynical leaders and an ignorant populace mete out to a young poet-scientist who offers mankind a colossal discovery whereby it can usher in the day of universal peace:

When I first took my place among you, the first word you spoke was "War," and since then "War, Death, Despair" to me who would bring Love, Life and Hope.

Mankind is everlastingly in conflict with its own best impulses; it craves for righteousness, yet repulses it at every turn.

I have loved justice and hated iniquity (said a great leader) and, therefore, I die in exile.

But the noblest spokesmen of God's will have not doubted that, though men may be unjust, God is ever-just, and "finally justice triumphs."

Whoever fights, whoever falls,
Justice conquers evermore.

It was John Peter Altgeld who forty years ago gave us a message for this very hour, whereby we can restore the breach in the ramparts of our social structure:

I am not discouraged. Things will right themselves. The pendulum swings one way and then another. But the steady

pull of gravitation is toward the center of the earth. Any structure must be plumbed if it is to endure or the building will fall. So it is with nations. Wrong may seem to triumph; right may seem to be defeated, but the gravitation of eternal justice is toward the throne of God.

(Rabbi) Louis I. Newman.

The Philosophy of Leisure

This modern age is riding on a tornado of rapidity, jealously competing with its own past, every moment in speed and production.

We cannot stop its course, and should not, even if we could. Our only anxiety in regard to it is that we may forget that slow and mature productions of leisure are of immense value to man, for these only can give balance to a bloated atmosphere of infinity in a width of leisure, across which come invisible messengers of life and light, bringing their silent voices of creation. What gives us cause for anxiety is that the spirit of progress occupies a great deal more of our mind today than the deeper life process of our being, which requires depth of leisure for its sustenance.

The modern world does not allow itself time to evolve religion, to reconcile the conflicting elements of society. Creative ideals are suffering. The genius of man is every day losing its dignity—it accepts cheap payment from the busy multitude; it is engaged in always keeping irreverent minds amused. We are spiritually slovenly. We say time is money; we should add that leisure is wealth; the wealth that is a creation of human spirit.

Compressed and crowded time has its use when dealing with material things, but living truths must have for their significance a full accommodation of leisure. The cramped time produces deformities and degeneracy, and the mind constantly pursued by a frenzied haste develops a chronic dyspepsia.

Busy day and night exploring the work which is non-human, solely for gains that are non-spiritual, man's sense of the human reality shrinks into utter insignificance in a world whose pride is in vastness, and in which all manifestations are predetermined in details. He seeks the cradle of all that is great in him in the lightless nursery of the dust, and mocks himself with a sinister laugh, taking defiant pleasure in self-insult. He allows his freedom to ferment into frothy license, coarsens his soul into obscenity, smothers with marketable commodities the perspective, the detachment, needed for the amplitude of his dignity, and thus he obscures the vision of his God. For he has no time.

Man has grown old in spirit, for sharp shocks of quick time bring on the weariness of decrepitude, while unencumbered peace and a large expanse of life is needed for the blossoming of youth—the youth that must not only have the courage to do, the intellect to know, but also the sympathy to understand and the faith to create.

—*Rabindranath Tagore.*

The Aristocrats

He looked so small, so little worth;
Yet all the pomp of breed and birth
And all the pride of sceptred Kings
Was in his high imaginings . . .
For he spoke bitterly of men
As beasts, self-herded in a pen,
Mob for all time, unworth a thought.
But for himself he schemed and sought
To rise in mastery, that he
Might batten on their slavery.
He was a snob, as he confessed,
Self-styled intelligent (but blessed
With little proof—the fool complete,
Contemptible in his conceit).

I listened while he said his say,
Then I stood up and bade him stay,
And (lest he should be saying more)
I spoke my meaning from the door:

"You say our humble folk are fools:
That may be so; but in the schools
They learn to think themselves supreme,
Nor one of them would ever dream
That any Black or Brown could be
Half as intelligent as he . . .
Yet I would hesitate to say
What Color thinks of White today,
For all around the World you'll find
The mob's a snob, and there's its mind:
And every mob aspires to be
The one true Aristocracy.

"Mob is Intolerance: and you,
The champion of the Favoured Few,
The very fact that you're a snob
Identifies you with the mob,
Whose fault is not the human tether
That binds its many souls together,
But in the hardness of their hearts
That not receives and not imparts
Yet arrogates in each dispute
The power to judge and execute.

"Not so are those whose souls out-pace
The slow course of the human race:
For theirs are grace and courtesy
And gratitude and loyalty
And courage born of faith, with fire
Of human love, whose sole desire
Is in the fuller life of man
And these encompass in the span
Of their brief years all joys that are
And every suffering and scar;
For with all Life they are at one
In their unseen communion.

"And these, by neither blood nor birth
Rulers and Governors of Earth,
Nor Benefactors whose decrees
Scatter their thoughtless charities
But *servants*—how should they who give
That men may understand and live,
These great-in-deeds, who humbly serve
Those who most need though least deserve—
How shall their souls have room for hate
When love alone has made them great?"

Then I walked out into the night
Knowing that God had given light
And shown me in that hour the path
That I had blindly sought in wrath;
And saw in my own self the weight
Of scorn and bigotry and hate
That marred my soul till I appeared
All that I hated most and feared . . .

He and I and all mankind,
Blind men, following the Blind.

Reginald A. Reynolds.

What is Afoot Among the Great Powers? We Must Face Realities.

It is probable that none of the Great Powers possesses a very clear idea of the significance of some of the events at present engaging their attention. Certainly there is no unity of purpose among them, while they are too self-centred even to dream of working out a policy which embraces large-scale financial, economic and industrial planning in the interest of humanity at large. What planning there is, is promulgated with a view to improving trade operations from the standpoint of bankers, investors, speculators and those in control of operations connected with basic commodities. All the much talked-of international conferences with which we are so familiar, are of this order. Like the company and combine amalgamations which take place from time to time, they are far more concerned with sectional interests than with human well-being in general.

In studying current happenings, therefore, we must not expect to find any clearly-defined international purpose shaping or guiding them, but rather the operation of those primary instincts which become paramount whenever a crisis is imminent.

It is easy to be misled by appearances, and for those who have devoted many years to the increasing of goodwill and co-operation in the world to give a quality and an interpretation to certain events which a careful study of the facts would not warrant.

Take, for example, the recent Lausanne Conference, and the other financial Conferences which are pending. Their object is admittedly to facilitate international financial operations, to remove obvious encumbrances to international trade, involving, in some cases, considerable sacrifice, and by means of a certain amount of international co-operation to save certain countries from bankruptcy.

On the surface that seems a very altruistic purpose, and to promise entrance upon a new era of international relations. But what are the facts? There can be little doubt that the financial collapse of Germany, were it permitted, would be the last straw which would break the camel's back, and hurl the industrial nations of the world over the precipice which has been threatening to engulf them for the last three years. They dare not allow that to happen. Germany must be saved at all costs. Though her assertions might be exaggerated, the situation is too serious to be played with. Thus faced with ruin, the financial pundits who had been responsible for the Reparations policy, and had supported it for thirteen years, suddenly decided that it was wrong, that it was one of the primary causes of the mal-distribution of gold, also of high tariffs, and thus of the choking of the channels of trade.

But having staved off calamity, what are the prospects for the future? Is there to be any attempt to apply new principles of international co-operation with a view to raising the standard of life of the common people of all lands—which ought to be the primary objective of every Government? Not in the least. As soon as things have been straightened out—if that can ever happen again under Capitalism—the old motives will again come into play, and although methods may change and industrial and financial combines increase in size, transcending national boundaries, the old policy of exploitation will continue as of yore, while the class war will become more pronounced and bitter.

Then consider the present militarist agitation in Germany, in relation to the Disarmament Conference, and the reaction of the Great Powers to it. On a surface view we should expect that France, and probably Britain also, as well as other Powers would resist them with vigor and determination. But will they? The barren promise of the Disarmament Conference up to date affords no hope that they will. Indeed it is not at all unlikely that resistance to Germany's demands will weaken very considerably during the coming weeks. Pacifists may protest, but so long as the capitalist system remains, its demands and implications will be the first concern of capitalist Governments, no matter what socialists and pacifists may say.

There is more in the German situation than meets the eye. The social unrest in Germany presages imminent revolution. The flamboyant and challenging speeches of Von Papen and General Schleicher may have been addressed to France and the League of Nations, but their immediate purpose was to divert the mind of the German people from famine and revolution to the attractive question of national honor. The military inequality under which Germany is suffering affords a golden opportunity to her rulers of relieving the present political tension by imposing challenges to her traditional enemy.

On Monday, September 5, the German Chancellor published the new ordinance which threatens the entire working classes with a greatly reduced standard of living, already insufferably low. It was on the previous day that the parade of the Steelhelmets took place in Berlin. It was a clever stroke. But it was the old game, practiced from time immemorial by Governments in dire straits. Excited brains were to act as an antidote to pining stomachs. It was to be worth while starving to save the honor of the Fatherland! No doubt the trick succeeded in considerable measure. But not wholly. There are millions of workers in Germany who saw through it, and will seek their revenge. They will not forget; it will drive them further and further left.

The Governments of France and Britain will understand, and while sending in their protests will be very discreet in action. Make no mistake! Having realized the imminence of civil war in Germany, they will conclude that a considerable army at the disposal of Germany's Dictators may not be out of place. Incidentally it will check any tendency there may have been at Geneva to disarm. France and Britain can be depended upon to consider the question of Germany's demand for equality from the standpoint of rearmament rather than of disarmament.

Another factor which will make for such a result is the fear of Russia. The growing despair regarding the existing economic situation, and the natural inclination in these circumstances of the world's workers, and indeed of the thoughtful public generally, to pay attention to Russia, is causing alarm in capitalist circles. As Socialism spreads and the influence of Russia increases, the prospects of disarmament will fade, although there may be no clear idea as to the advisability

or possibility of attacking Russia.

Finally there is Japan. The Great Powers, particularly Britain and France, have from the first been strangely silent about Japan's conquest of Manchuria. They have permitted it with open eyes. There must be some important reason why they were willing to see Japan blossom out into a first-class imperial Power in the Far East. The only apparent reason is that Japan should be in a position to check the influence of Russia in the Far East, which indeed is considerable, and perhaps to attack her should the need arise.

But there is grave danger in this situation. Japan is not likely to be as docile as was anticipated once she has swollen to imperial dimensions. She may dream bigger dreams, as her present conduct suggests. And the Western Powers now know it.

In these circumstances does anyone imagine that Geneva is going to give us any substantial disarmament? Let us not deceive ourselves, but let us face realities. Fight for disarmament we must, but lacking a miracle there will be no disarmament at Geneva.

WILFRED WELLOCK.

London, England.

The Study Table

The Far East

Among prominent Americans who are definitely friends of Japan, Henry W. Taft is conspicuous. A lawyer of ability, brother of a president of the United States, at times president of the Japan Society, what he says carries weight. Realizing that there has been a strong anti-Japanese feeling in consequence of the Manchurian and Shanghai incidents, he has written a rather important book under the title "Japan and America."[1] In 1920 there was also a feeling against Japan growing up in this country. Various questions had arisen and suspicion and misunderstanding were developing. At that time a group of prominent Japanese (non-political and non-governmental, but influential) invited a group of equally prominent Americans to come to Japan for purposes of discussion and council. It would be fair to say that the leader of that group was Baron (later Viscount) Shibusawa and the leader of the American group was Frank A. Vanderlip. It was men of such calibre who came together in Tokyo and through six morning conferences discussed Japanese-American matters. Mr. Taft was a member of the American group and was influential in the deliberations. Outside of the conferences there were, of course, delightful social occasions. The Japanese are unsurpassed as hosts and the series of events which they arranged left the guests with the feeling that much had been gained through these opportunities for personal contact and the formation of lasting friendships. Mr. Taft's book consists of two parts. In Part One he gives the record of the journey, the conferences, and the social events connected with the visit. Part Two is "a political survey"—but a survey that is almost confined to the events of 1931 and 1932. It is true that a fair presentation is first made of the Washington Conference of 1921 and the Exclusion Act of 1924. In these Mr. Taft's sympathies are clearly with Japan and he feels that she acquitted herself in both with credit and respect. There is perhaps no better brief summary of these than he has given and his position in the legal world gives weight to his views. He goes more fully into the Manchurian incident and the intervention in Shanghai. His book was instigated by the former but before it was printed the Shanghai affair had arisen and publication was delayed in order to give it due consideration. Mr. Taft's desire to be fair to both parties is evident. His sympathies are with Japan but he aims to be nonpartisan and does not give hearty approval to all that Japan has done. He is clearly anxious as to the outcome but desires that snap judgments should be avoided. He realizes that China is more skilful in appealing for American sympathy but appears to hope for Japan's final justification.

There is no dearth of books just now about China. Some are good, some bad, many commonplace. Most of them are due to the present imbroglio between China and Japan. It is then a little curious to have three on our table at once which make little or no reference to that trouble. One of these is a little book, edited by William Hung, with the title "How It Looks to Young China."[2] The book was planned and largely ready before the present difficulty, so it contains no special reference to it. It consists of seven essays by as many authors, each discussing a phase of present-day conditions in China as it presents itself to and affects young Chinese. The titles are: Setting Confucius aside, the Family, the School, the Vocation, the Nation, the World, the Church. The authors are men whose experiences have fitted them to know and appreciate the problems of Chinese youth. No one of them is a young man, but also no one of them is old. All are Christians. After reading the book, which stirred me deeply, I have wondered whether after all Chinese youth is in much more serious plight than youth in other lands. It is true that his condition is tragic: he faces a world in which all the old traditions have given away, where new situations call for new methods, and where adjustment is impossible as new norms and influences have not had time to shape themselves. But is not the same thing true in Japan, in Germany, in the United States? Has not the home broken down, the family crumbled, the business structure cracked *here* as well as there? All the world is sick and all the youth of the world are adrift, without direction or a reliable compass. But it is true that the disintegration in China is more evident and that the Chinese youth realizes his helplessness more keenly than youth in most lands. It is well for us to have this clear picture of his problems and difficulties. It is a book of serious purpose, thoughtfully written.

We have not read Mrs. Buck's "East Wind West Wind." It was her first bid for popular favor. We read "The Good Earth" and it had our hearty approval. She knows her China and she interprets her Chinese with wonderful skill. We have received "Sons" and it is next on our reading list. We hope to like it but doubt its reaching the level of "The Good Earth." Meantime we have read "The Young Revolutionist."[3] It is not a novel in the usual sense; not

1. "Japan and America: A Journey and a Political Survey." Henry W. Taft. New York: 1932. The Macmillan Co. 800 pp. viii 359. Price $3.50.

2. "How It Looks to Young China." Edited by William Hung. New York: 1932. The Friendship Press. 16 mo. pp. 181. Price $1.50.

3. "The Young Revolutionist." Pearl S. Buck. New York: 1932. Friendship Press. (John Day distributors.) 16 mo. pp. 182. Price $1.50.

in the sense that these other three are. It is the simple story of a simple-minded country boy. He has been caught in the whirl of the "changing China" and is carried along without plan or purpose, until at last he has learned something of his nation, of her needs, of the possibility of doing something for her. It is a mistake to think that there is a general consciousness of China's conditions and China's needs in that vast population. Writers who tell us that all Chinese are determined to secure national independence, to drive out the foreigner, to maintain the republic, to preserve the national integrity are indulging in mere vaporings. Most of China's millions know nothing of all these things. They know their village, they know that life is hard, they are often dissatisfied with their individual lot and blindly strive to better their condition. When once they break with home ties and local restraints, they are like a ship drifting helplessly. In this story the country boy Rosen began in innocent ignorance and with probabilities that he would go through life in his native village, amid his rustic family, living and dying on his bit of good earth. But a sickness changes his whole outlook and starts him upon a strange career. Little by little his eyes are opened and he learns from each contact something—of his country, of her plight, of her outlook. He learns the hollowness and falsity of high-sounding slogans. He drifts into a revolutionary army, absorbs its claims, participates in its activities. His first actual battle disillusions him and saddened and disappointed he finds his way back home but has a clearer vision of life and a new purpose. He has found his country, he has learned something of her needs, he has launched into a new line of aiding her. He is still a revolutionist, but one of peaceful loyalty.

We have now read "Sons."[4] It is a remarkable book but it will not make the stir that "The Good Earth" did. In the first place readers will approach it with exaggerated expectation. Before "The Good Earth" appeared our author was relatively unknown and one approached her book without knowing just what he would find. The element of surprise and novelty led to high appreciation. Again, the new book is a more difficult task. In the earlier one the writer was dealing with a single person and the story of Wang Lung's life unfolded regularly and naturally; here she has to keep three persons in view at once and to maintain interest in all. It is true that after all "Sons" is the story of but one of the three brothers. It is the career of the younger brother, Wang the Tiger, which is here told. The other two might be dropped out without serious loss to the tale as tale. The effort to keep all three before the reader is something of a strain. Again, Mrs. Buck's style is uniform: she tells everything in the same fashion. This is natural enough and justified where one book is the sequel of another—as "Sons" is of "The Good Earth" —but her story "The Young Revolutionist" just noticed, is of exactly the same style. One may like ice cream or prune-whip vastly and still may be surfeited. All of which we say, not in harsh criticism but in explanation of the fact that "Sons" will not make the stir that its predecessor did. It is however a great story and deserves a hearty reception. As before Mrs. Buck shows marvelous understanding of Chinese life, Chinese character, Chinese thought. The book shows the naturalness of that especial form of disturbance which affects China today, has affected her in the past, will continue to affect her far into the future. It is the story of the making of a war lord. It shows, as no other book that I know, how a war lord begins, how he develops, how he maintains himself, how he passes. It shows how the old family organization works toward the support of a man who becomes a bandit, then a general, then a military governor. It shows how, through strife and war and rapine, the life of the common people goes on almost undisturbed. It shows, what is so hard for us to understand, how the patient farmer of yesterday becomes the bandit of today and is again the peaceful worker in the old field tomorrow. To stamp out banditry is a herculean task —Japan is finding it so in Manchuria, which on the whole has not been notably infested. The story comes to a tragic finish. Will all readers realize the full significance of its last scene? The drama culminates really in the interview between Wang the Tiger and his son. The boy, who has just deserted "the new army of the revolution" says:

> We are not the same! Do you know what we call you? You are a rebel—a robber chief! If my comrades knew you they would call you traitor—but they do not even know your name—a petty lord of war in a little country town.

A moment later, in repentance, he says:

> My father, I must hide away when my army comes north to victory. My tutor trained me well these many years and he counted on me. He was my captain—he will not easily forgive me that *I choose you my father.*

The underscoring of the words is mine. They are probably the most important in the book. Are we to have a third story, that of the third generation? It looks like it. Will it carry us back to the good earth and the simple life? Or is the outcome foreshadowed in the closing pages of "The Young Revolutionist?"

FREDERICK STARR.

4. "Sons," Pearl S. Buck. New York: 1932. John Day Co. 8 vo. pp. 467. Price $2.50.

Correspondence

Shock-Troops of Peace

Editor of UNITY:

Any organization that unites the war resisters of fifty-four countries in a world movement; that maintains affiliated sections in twenty-six countries; that carries on correspondence in fourteen languages; that holds regular international conferences under enormous difficulties; that rescues or relieves from persecution, through world-wide protests of intellectuals and workers, many obscure but pioneering rebels against military autocracy; that has secured the cooperation of Einstein, Wells, Rolland, and numerous renowned figures; and that does all this, year in and year out, on what is probably the lowest budget of any movement in the world in proportion to actual achievement—deserves to keep on with its indispensable work.

But the members and groups of the War Resisters' International in many lands are struggling against conditions incredibly worse than those faced by adventurous groups in the United States, hard as our own situation often is. A budget of one thousand pounds annually cannot be curtailed drastically without disaster.

On behalf of the Western Hemisphere Committee of the War Resisters' International, with members from most American pacifist bodies, this appeal is addressed to Americans who abhor war, and who have an opportunity to sustain those in various countries who can oppose war uncompromisingly only by coming into immediate conflict with ruthless militarism and conscription. Furthermore, a fine, constructive job in war prevention is being undertaken by the W. R. I., building up as it does throughout the

world an intelligent, unified opposition to war even as a last resort, while at the same time laboring to eradicate the root causes of war in the social order.

Contributions large or small may be sent (preferably) direct to Arthur Ponsonby, Chairman, War Resisters' International, 11 Abbey Road, Enfield, Middlesex, England; or to the undersigned, who will forward them promptly.

DEVERE ALLEN,
Chairman, Western Hemisphere Committee, War Resisters' International.

Wilton, Conn.

We Want Peace!

Editor of UNITY:

There are at Geneva right now 18 men who hold the destiny of the world in their hands, if they only knew it. Some times we are inclined to think they have not yet realized their responsibility. At the same time, many of them are earnestly trying to do what they think is right. But it is a difficult and wearying task to bring peace to a world so accustomed to war that even the best people remark that wars must come, they suppose. These men need our support to the last degree. Some of them may be asleep to the opinion of the public on this matter, and others of them may have decided that the public does not greatly care. If either of these situations is true, we must remedy it and that at once. We are asking that people from all over the world send in letters to say to these men that we want peace. Not a vague far-off thing, but the immediate and total disarmament, and also that we stand firmly for the "equality in principle" of Germany. Do not write one letter from a town but a hundred. Do not write to one man alone, but to all of them. Tell your friends, see that letters go from the day this is received until you have exhausted all resources. You know and I know that the public opinion of the world is for peace. Let us make that plain to these men struggling with great odds. Who knows but that such a small thing might move even the mountain of armament?

MARTHA PROVINE-LEACH TURNER.

Berlin, Germany.

The Bureau of the Disarmament Conference:

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M. Moresco (Naval), 133, Rue de Lausanne, Geneva, Switzerland.
M. Madariago (Air), Hôtel des Bergues, Geneva, Switzerland.
M. de Vasconcellos (Defence) Hôtel des Bergues, Geneva, Switzerland.
M. Politis (Vice-President of General Commission), Hôtel Beau Rivage, Geneva, Switzerland.

London Papers and America

Editor of UNITY:

While spending a year in Geneva observing the League of Nations, in councils and conferences, I have had occasion to become acquainted with the London newspapers—more particularly the *Express, Herald, Mail, Morning Post, News Chronicle, Telegraph, Times.*

As a result of my observation, I am led to send a joint-note to the above papers, carrying a suggestion, made merely "for the good of the order":

"I assume that what Kaye Don calls a 'friendly understanding between nations' is worth cultivating, and especially between English-speaking nations. The misfortune of a lack of friendly understanding comes to the front when any question like that of the debts, disarmament, education, prohibition, comes up for discussion. During my reading of London papers during the past year, it has occurred to me, that there was an entire absence of articles written by Americans on subjects of common interest, giving the American view-point. I recall only one exception—an article by Mencken, written on request of the editor, and it was sharply critical of American life.

"From the standpoint of mutual understanding, it is unfortunate. I do not see how English people can come to understand American people unless they can gain the view-point of Americans through American writers. I mean American writers, in English papers.

"May I be allowed, without discourtesy, to call attention to a feature of American papers, that certainly contributes to understanding from the American side? I have lived in New York, Chicago, Seattle. In practically all the papers, Hearst, Scripps, Gannett—three chains—*Times* and *Herald*, of New York, Chicago *Tribune*, appear articles by Englishmen, on politics, education, Prohibition, and frankly critical of American life. On the whole, these hundreds of articles are helpful, and at least make Americans acquainted with the English view-point. Incidentally, these articles stimulate travel, English-ward.

"To illustrate, the New York *Times* carries scores of articles by Englishmen, and its editorials are more friendly London-ward than Washington-ward. The *Christian Science Monitor* looks even more English-ward, frequently carrying English inspired editorials, and from 4 to 7 columns of British news. I recall articles by Wells, Shaw, Lloyd George, Robert Cecil, Bertrand Russell, Churchill, Eddington and many others. Important religious weeklies like the *Christian Century*, the *World Tomorrow, Unity*, would not feel that they were ready for keeping house, had they not taken on the staff a regular correspondent in England. All of which makes for cultivation of mutual understanding from the American side.

"There are scores, hundreds, of Americans, with whom English readers would be delighted to become acquainted in their daily press. More valuable, they would give the American view-point, which is essential for a mutual understanding. I have in mind Borah, Millikan, Jane Addams, Norman Thomas, Villard, Calvin Coolidge, Al Smith, Lewis, Steffens, Sinclair, Rabbi Wise, Dr. Holmes. Mr. Hearst with his fifteen million readers is a good writer, also Arthur Brisbane, also Dr. Finley of the *Times*, also Villard of the *Nation*. There are many brilliant writers among the Negroes like Du Bois, Cullens, Pickens, Mordecai Johnson—and not to know the thoughts of these, and some of the very able Congressmen, is not to know the mind of America, and therefore to fall short of mutual understanding.

"I am assuming that mutual understanding among English-speaking peoples is desirable. The suggestion made to the editors of London's papers comes from observation covering a year. . . It is offered modestly 'without hope of reward,' but for mutual understanding, in which lies peace."

SYDNEY STRONG.

Geneva, Switzerland.

Socialists and Communists

Editor of UNITY:

I have been reading UNITY, December 5, in which you comment on the small number of votes secured by Thomas. It seems to me clear that the old Socialist Party of Debs has become two parties, one representing intellectual revolt and one economic revolt; one objecting to the absurdity of capitalism, the other objecting to hunger. Any estimation of the amount of *either* Socialist or Communist sentiment must include both Socialist and Communist votes. The function of the Socialist is to tell the capitalists what is wanted; the function of the Communists is to add pepper to the dose. Sooner or later the Republicans and Democrats must unite, and then, if not before, the Socialists and Communists must unite.

PERCY M. DAWSON.

Swarthmore, Pa.

The Field

(*Continued from page* 242)

to negotiate with other European powers. We who believe in preserving India's long continued economic federation with England so that mutual good may accrue, we who desire India and England to intimately cooperate on the basis of freedom and perfect good faith, find it tragic and painful beyond words that false ideas of prestige should be allowed to disrupt sacred ties of fellowship, and rudely shatter all hopes of rational mutual readjustment.

"It is surely never too late for good sense to prevail and love to heal the wounds of folly, but now and again it does seem that fateful moments have come and gone mutely calling for the right gesture which has failed to arrive, and at last certain evils have gone unchecked too far to be repaired.

"I do hope I am not exaggerating, but this is not written in a mood of despair, it is the outcome of poignant experiences of daily suffering and careful study of inescapable facts which are evident to a large number of our people. I have almost given up writing to my English friends to whom I cannot help unbaring my soul, for fear of adding to their suffering and trials by recounting daily facts which cannot, and should not any longer be ignored. I know how you are all one with us in actively working and praying for peace and goodwill to rule affairs in India and I would do nothing to add to your burden of pain and discouragement.

"I have often felt grieved with myself for dwelling perhaps a little too much on the dark side of our affairs in my conversation with the three Quaker friends who came here from England, though I sincerely tried to be true to myself. And when they went away, and I, too, returned from my Persian tour, I hoped fervently that I might have been misled, and fallen into the weak habit of attributing too much blame for our present suffering to the ruling Government. But the conviction that the Government is pursuing a policy of relentless repression and unreason has sadly been strengthened in my mind by all that I have seen and heard of in the last few months. And so I had not the heart to write.

"No Indian can be happy with Mahatma Gandhi fettered like a criminal behind prison bars. The other day I heard a peasant talking to his companion in a bullock cart—'rice tastes unsavoury on the tongue since Gandhiji has been in jail'—his friend replied, 'that is so; we may eat two annas worth of food each day—just rice and dal and some sak (greens) but yet we eat our meals as free men. Our Gandhiji is suffering more than us because the police have caught him and kept him locked behind heavy iron doors.'

"The fact that men of unquestioned nobility of mind should have no place in India but in the Government prison is enough to annihilate all joy from the heart of our people. And what is their crime? Why are they detained indefinitely, without trial, and denied freedom of interview with their friends and relatives even though they have promised not to break any jail regulations and welcomed the presence of the police during such interview? And then what about the unfortunate C class prisoners among whom are the finest men from our universities and public life—men whose moral integrity has not been questioned even by the prosecuting officers? Deaths by illness, suicide, shooting in the cells have happened in jails and in undertrial camps and are still happening—while cases of insanity rapidly multiply. Outside the jails there is no sign of any change of policy, or any desire to grant the substance of freedom to our suffering peoples. Now they are sending British troops to the Indian villages and opening rural military stations which is a sure method of spreading panic.

"What folly, what criminal misunderstanding of the mind of the Indian peoples, and of our present political and moral impasse! It is either a deliberate misreading of the possibilities of honourable understanding between Indians and the English, so that racial exploitation may be justified, or more probably, a sheer want of initiative in a bureaucratic government, which once having manufactured a machinery of statecraft feels itself powerless to think of any change of readjustment. A single gesture of political fair-mindedness, releasing our political prisoners and immediately inaugurating Federation with responsibility at the Centre, would do incalculably more than ten million British soldiers can ever achieve in India. The Indian people are grimly coming now to understand that Britain ultimately means war,—the scientific, deadly, efficient, wholesale war in the European sense.

"Yet no amount of force will draw India away from the orbit of simple humanity. Unconquerable pacifism will reign in India so long as Mahatma Gandhi and Rabindranath Tagore are with us, or their ideas live in our midst. Some hundreds from among our 350 millions may go astray, but as a civilization India will be overwhelmingly and effectively on the side of non-violence. And in this we shall draw strength from our brothers in the West, be guided by them, inspired by their shining lives of truth. And we are absolutely sure of victory. This is our answer, humble, yet firm, and unequivocal to the press campaign against us.

"We shall walk the path of peace. We shall merit the greatness of suffering. We shall believe in the love of man and man, in the sanctity of the human civilization which we brothers and workers in the West and the East are building up together under the immortal sky. Hopeless circumstance is merely weakness of faith—we *believe* and then circumstances can no longer seem hopeless. It is but the projection of the *process* of realization which is the shadow on our path—in realization is illimitable light. So while I suffer and make you suffer by recognition of facts which you and I and thousands of other Englishmen and Indians condemn and deplore—the ultimate truth of our destiny grows and grows within."

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